34*

The Plain Truth.

A New Song.

WE may truly aſſert (what no mortal denies)
We are not all rich, we are not of a ſize;
In power not equal, nor each of us wiſe,
Which nobody can deny.

We can't expect ſenſe from all who can ſpeak,
Thoſe are not all wiſe who know Latin and Greek,
Nor are they all pious who preach once a week,
This nobody can deny.

'Tis not ev'ry poſitive Coxcomb that's right,
'Tis not ev'ry Captain Cockade that dare fight,
'Tis not ev'ry wife we can truſt out of ſight,
This nobody can deny.

Gay cloathing oft covers a belly unfed,
A tye-wig oft covers a weak empty head,
And a cloak often covers---aye, ev'ry thing bad,
This nobody can deny.

He muſt be ſoul who loves whet after whet,
He muſt be a cuckold who weds a coquet,
And he vies with the nation, who's always in debt,
This nobody can deny.

An Officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,
To his coat on the left, my Lord's honour's confin'd,
And many brave Lords wear their honour behind,
This nobody can deny.

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